

THE HOME OF THE DESOLATE.

A FRAGMENT.—BY C. W. EVERETT.

ATROCIOUS, FIENDISH CRUELTY.—Two cases were examined before the Baltimore County Court yesterday, (Monday the 9th instant) the investigation of which has developed facts of such a revolting nature, as to make humanity shudder, and the Christian to wonder, that a summary judgment of Heaven has not been visited upon the demon who perpetrated it. We will detail the facts as they were fully proven by the evidence on both sides of the question, without detailing the minutia of the interrogatories of the learned counsel on both sides, by which these facts were elicited.

Some years since an infant female child was found abandoned upon the highway, known by the name of the York Road, about 22 miles from the city. She was taken care of at the time by some of the hospitable neighbors; but recently she had fallen into the hands of a John B. Tyler and his wife, Rebecca Jane Tyler. These persons, so far from treating her with that kind and fostering care her forlorn situation demanded have punished her, for trivial faults, in a manner that would disgrace the most heartless savage. The girl is now about eight or nine years of age, but is singularly intelligent, and has, for her age, remarkable views of the sacred obligations of an oath. On this point, she was closely examined by the court; and her statements can, therefore, be relied upon as correct. She stated, in an artless, but connected manner, that she had lived with Mr. and Mrs. Tyler "ever since the flowers were;" by which she, in her unconscious poetry, designated the opening of the spring. When she first went to live with them, her treatment, she said, was good; but afterwards Mrs. Tyler got sick, and then she was treated cruelly. Mr. Tyler, on one occasion, threw her in the spring, in the coldest weather; and on another tied her up, with a thick rope, by the wrist; and suspended her thus, her toes barely touching the ground, from breakfast until dinner time, merely because she could not get her shoes on. This is the amount of cruelty proved against him, and on every other occasion he had treated her with kindness; but the conduct of his wife has proved her a demon incarnate.

She, as was stated before, at first treated the child with some degree of kindness, but afterwards being sick, she became irritable, and gave way to her demoniac spirit. For trivial offences (for what offence could a child of that age commit that was not trivial?) she would pull the hair out of her head, beat her with a cane, sometimes with a rope, and at others with the tongue. But the most flagrant act of cruelty that has ever been revealed, remains yet to be told. The child, among other household duties too severe for her age, had made a fire, and placed a tea-kettle over it; a "Dutch oven," was also afterwards placed there by her mistress, who then laid down in the bed which was in the same room. She became offended at the girl, (for what it does not appear) and struck at her; the girl run out of her reach, and she jumped from the bed, seized the child, and threw her in the fire; then she dragged her out, and pulling up her clothes, seated her bare upon the heated Dutch oven. No one was present to witness this diabolical act; her husband was out at work; the neighbors seldom visited her; the poor infant, with her flesh raw, festering and creating agony with every movement, was yet compelled to do work about the house. This, nature could not long withstand; she was soon laid upon her bed—bed? no, not a bed; a pile of straw upon the floor, matted with filth, and surrounded by water. Here, after some days, she was found by Mrs. Doxen, a lady of the neighborhood, who had often before compassionately called to see Mrs. Tyler, because she was sick. When that lady entered, the almost perishing child called to her to come near and give her something to eat. She gave her a cake, supposing it the mere cravings of a child in sickness; but it was devoured ravenously, for it was all the food the little innocent had tasted for more than a day. This excited that lady's curiosity, and she inquired what ailed the child. The answer was, by Mrs. Tyler, that she had been scalded by the upsetting of a tea-kettle; and that she, Mrs. T., "had almost killed herself by waiting on her." 'Twas the falsehood of conscious guilt, as will be shown by the sequel. Mrs. Doxen doubted the story; for she had been previously apprised that there was something wrong going on in the house, and appearances confirmed her suspicions. The little girl earnestly soliciting to be removed from the house, three or four of the surrounding farmers came, at Mrs. D.'s request, and carried her to that lady's house. There she was carefully examined, and her wounds properly dressed; but what a spectacle did she present!—a child scarcely nine years old, with her head almost bald from the hair being plucked out by the roots; her arm broken; ulcers, deep, and breeding vermin, on the burned parts of her body; and one of her heels burnt off! It is no wonder that the learned and talented gentlemen who were assigned by the Court for the defence, merely would suggest a probable defence of such heinous atrocity; the evidence was too clear, too palpable, to admit a doubt of the facts as stated by the wretched victim of this infernal cruelty; and though, as bounden in duty, they took advantage of every loop whereon to hang a doubt, they could not raise an objection to the evidence greater than that the person accused of the principal offence was a woman and a mother. The child is not yet recovered from the effects of the treatment, and at every movement writhes with agony.

The Court, considering that the child was in the light of an apprentice to Mr. Tyler, and that he had a right to inflict a moderate punishment upon her, looked upon his conduct as merely an over-exercise of his authority and a common assault and battery; he was, therefore, fined 5 dollars and costs. The conduct of Mrs. Tyler, however, the Court declared to be the most flagrant outrage upon humanity that has ever been examined before a Criminal Court. She was sentenced to be imprisoned for twelve months in the county jail, and to give security in one hundred dollars to keep the peace.

DEFINITIONS.—Among the many modern definitions manufactured by erudite editors, we find the two following: *Dandy*—A thing in pantaloons with a body and two arms—a head without brains—tight boots—a cane—a white handkerchief—two brothers—and a ring on his little finger. *Copette*—A young lady with more beauty than sense—more accomplishments than learning—more charms of person than grace of mind—more admirers than friends—more fools than wise men for attendants.

The latest Yankee invention is a new fashioned travelling bag, in which a man can stow himself upon a journey, and travel without the knowledge of such spunges as dun a man for his fare. He places himself in the bag and taking it in his hand, passes for baggage.

THE HOME OF THE DESOLATE.

A FRAGMENT.—BY C. W. EVERETT.

"How many drink the cup Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread Of misery! See pierced by wintry winds How many shrink into the cordial but Of cheerless poverty!"

It was night—the storm howled sadly by—and the mother sat in silence by the scanty fire, that warmed and faintly lighted the wretched dilapidated cottage, once in her brighter days her happy home! She had divided to her ragged and starving babes the little pittance of bread remaining to her, yet scarcely sufficing to satisfy the mad cravings of hunger; yet freely was it given, with a silent tear that it was all! She hushed their cries—soothed their sorrows—covered them with her tattered mantle—bade them a sad good night—and returned to her sorrowful vigil.

The night wore away—and still sat the mother over the fading fire she could no longer keep; and the coming of dawn, whose morning footsteps once caused a thrill of joy through her bosom, and was hailed with boisterous glee by her little ones. Once, he promised at the altar to love and cherish her, and nobly, awhile, did he redeem the pledge. His cottage was the home of comfort, and his wife and infants divided his love. But ah! how changed! He had become a drunkard! His business was neglected—his home was deserted—and his late return was but the harbinger of woe! He came to curse the innocent partner of his misery as the author of his wretchedness, and his frightened children shrunk away from him, screaming as from a fiend! Where waits he now? The shadows of night have darkened the landscape! What delays his return? Alas! the low haunt which has nightly witnessed the shameful revel, now echoes to his frantic shout! Surrounded by boon companions, he seeks to drown the memory of his sorrows in the bowl; while his wretched, starving, squallid wife still keeps her lonely vigil by her cheerless hearth!

Stillness—olemn stillness, like the grave's, reigns in that dreary habit; and no sound is heard, save when the fitful sighing of the wintry blast, or the low murmur of dreaming infants, rouses the watcher from her trance. Then she raises her aching eyes to the dim dial, and with a glance to Heaven, turns to her lonely watch again. But now the tempest of her feelings has grown too fierce to be repressed—her bosom heaves with the wild emotions of her soul—and her thin hands seem endeavoring to force back the bursting torrent of her tears.

The clock struck the hour of midnight—and he came as wont! With a fearful look, he saw the wife's fond care; and that mother's silent tears, and the low wail of his frightened babes, went up to God for witness.

Would you know the conclusion of the story? Go ask the jail, the alms house and the grave—and they will tell you!

[From the Ledger.]

TO KATE.

And so you have got a new beau, my dear Kate! Does he talk of your figure and air? Does he rave about fortune and fate? And exile, and death, and despair? Does he say you are wonderful wise, And learned, and witty, and fair? Does he see heaven's blue in your eyes, And write verse on the shade of your hair?

Does he praise your white hands and small feet, And talk of your style when full dress'd? Does he say every smile is so sweet, It scotches half his sorrows to rest? Does he stand by your side while you're singing, And look very pensive, or wild? Does he vow that the tear-drop is springing, And love makes him act like a child?

Does he anger your sleepy old neighbor, When he comes, with his soft serenades? Does he help the poor minstrel to labor, When they sing about beautiful maid? Does he call rather soon in the morning, To bring you new music, or looks? Does he patiently bear all your scolding, And seem to be reading your looks?

Does he stay very often for dinner, And bring dear mamma all the news? Does he speak like a saint, or a sinner, To suit all the family views? Does he talk to papa about science, The progress of arts, and new laws? Are his politics, nobl' defiance Of banks, and the national cause?

Does he say you are gifted with genius! Does he know by the bumps on your head? If he does, 't would be shockingly heinous To discredit what Spurzheim has said! Does he tell you of statues and fountains, Classic poets and painters of Rome, Volcanoes, vast ruins, great mountains, And the patriot's love for his home?

Does he study your favorite poet? Can he quote "Lalla Rookh," every line? Does he say you first taught him to know it, And protest that your taste is divine? Does he talk about twilight and roses, And moonbeams, and valleys, and streams? Does he say cruel fortune opposes While hope lures him on with her dreams?

Does he stand very long when he's leaving, And tell you the clock is too fast? Does he say his fond bosom is leaving With anguish too bitter to last? If he does, you may laugh at his pain, Experience has taught me the art; For a beau well received is so vain, He will make a light toy of your heart!

Has he set all the old folks to preaching Of housekeeping, prudence and piety? And the spinners to planning and teaching How love may take care of itself? Has he set the young ladies to guessing About his intentions, and calls? Do they envy you every blessing Like concerts, and parties, and balls?

If he has, never alter your carriage, For a beau is a versatile thing; Never trust till he talks about marriage, Never trust till you wear a plain ring! O! then be ever on your guard, Be cheerful, domestic and kind; And while Time outward beauty is stealing, He will leave mental graces behind.

MARY.

[From the Pulmonec Advocate.]

MY NATIVE HOME.

There is a land more dear to me Than all the earth beside; 'Tis not the land of slavery, Where monarchs proud preside.

'Tis not the land where beauty dwells, Where lovers often roam; Ah! no—a secret impulse tells— It is my native home.

My native home—my native home, How dear thou art to me; Where'er in this wide world I roam, I ever think of thee.

I've often thought of that green grove, And those delightful bowers, Where oft in childhood I have roved, And pluck'd the blooming flowers.

Ah! yes, though far from kindred dear, A stranger in I roam, I love to drop the silent tear, And think of home, sweet home.

Georgetown, D. C. J. W. L.

A GOOD EPITAPH.

On the decease of a certain great man not much beloved, the following was found inscribed in chalk, upon the valves of his coach-house door: "He that giveth unto the poor, lendeth unto the Lord." N. B. The Lord oweth this man nothing.

HARD HITTINGS.—"If I were so unlucky," said an officer, "as to have a stupid son, I would certainly, by all means, make him a parson." A clergyman who was in company, calmly replied, "you think differently, sir, from your father."

FRENCH ALMANAC.

January.—He who is born in this month, will be laborious, and a lover of good wine, but very subject to infidelity; he may too often forget to pay his debts; but he will be complaisant, and withal a fine singer. The lady born in this month, will be a pretty prudent housewife, rather melancholy, but yet good tempered.

February.—The man born in this month will love money much, but the ladies more; he will be stingy at home, but prodigal abroad. The lady will be a humane and affectionate wife, and a tender mother.

March.—The man born in this month will be rather handsome; he will be honest and prudent, but he will die poor. The lady will be a jealous, passionate chatterbox, something given to fighting, and in old age, too fond of the bottle.

April.—The man who has the misfortune to be born in this month, will be subject to maladies. He will travel to his advantage, for he will marry a rich heiress, who will —, no doubt you all understand. The lady of this month will be tall and stout, with a little mouth, little feet, little wit, but a great talker.

May.—The man born in this month will be handsome and amiable. He will make his wife happy. The lady will be equally blest in every respect.

June.—The man born now, will be of a small stature, and passionately fond of children, but will not be loved in return. The lady will be a personage fond of coffee, she will be married at 21, and be a fool at 45.

July.—The man born in this month will be fair; he will suffer death for the wicked woman he loves. The female will be passably handsome, with a sharp nose, but a fine bust. She will be rather of a sullen temper.

August.—The man will be ambitious and courageous, but too apt to cheat. He will have several maladies and two wives. The lady will be amiable and twice married; but the second husband will cause her to regret the first.

September.—He that is born in this month will be strong, wise and prudent, but too easy with his wife, who will give him great uneasiness. The lady will be round and fair-haired, wily, discreet, and beloved by her friends.

October.—The man will have a handsome face, florid complexion; he will be wicked in his youth, and always inconsistent. He will promise one thing and do another, and always remain poor. The lady will be pretty, a little given to contradiction, a little coquettish, and sometimes a little fond of wine; she will give the preference to l'au de vie. She will have three husbands, who will die of grief, she will best know why.

November.—The man will have a fine face, be a gay deceiver. The lady will be large, liberal, and full of novelty.

December.—The man born in this month will be a good sort of a person, though passionate. He will devote himself to the army, and be betrayed by his wife. The lady will be amiable and handsome, with a good voice and well proportioned body; she will be married twice, and remain poor, yet remain honest.

SUBLIMITY OF NATURE.—In looking over our boundless and beautiful prairies, we have been almost lost in the contemplation of the splendid scene. As far as the eye can reach, it rests upon the waving grass, the blushing flowers, and the mind is at once imbued with the power and goodness of that Being, who has formed such great and glorious works for the pleasures and comforts of his children. The fountains of the heart are opened, and its rejoicings are at once poured out to the giver of all good. The very birds seem to sing his glory, and all things do him praise. Not long since, says the Spirit of the West, a good and worthy man was emigrating from Ohio, to seek a home and a fortune for himself and family, in the bosom of the fertile West. On first beholding the large and expanding prairie of the eastern part of this State, he appeared much affected—his whole frame was in violent commotion; it was evening, the scene was beautiful; the sun was shedding its last rays of brilliancy on the vast prairie which lay before him covered with verdure; he seemed to forget that he was an inhabitant of earth; his soul was ravished; he knew not what to do, neither could he speak; the tear was glistening in his eyes; he travelled, however, till the dusk of evening came on, when he arrived at a lonely cottage, where he put up for the night. He soon, however, absent himself from the house, and was seen making his way towards a large and beautiful mound near by. On reaching the mound, he fell upon his knees, in the attitude of prayer, with his eyes cast towards heaven, his hands clasped together, and was soon absorbed in earnest devotion of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe.—N. O. True American.

DEFINITION OF A KISS.—A kiss is thus defined in a love-letter written in the year 1679, and translated from the German:—What is a kiss? A kiss is, as it were, a seal, expressing our sincere attachment—the pledge of future union—a dumb, but at the same time, audible language of a loving heart—a present, which, at the time it is given, is taking from us the impression on an ivory coral press—the striking of two flints against another—a crimson balsam for a love wounded heart—a sweet bite of the lip—an affectionate pinching of the mouth—a delicious dish that is eaten with scarlet spoons—a sweetmeat which does not satisfy our hunger—a fruit which is planted and gathered at the same time—the quickest exchange of questions and answers of two lovers—the fourth degree of love.

A RIVAL FOR JONATHAN.—A friend of mine, living on the Surrey Hills, near Goldstone, states that being much in want of a hare for a friend, and having made several unsuccessful shots during the day, he was about to return home, when finding a hare on her form, the would-be sportsman was determined to make himself master of her, but, to his dismay, his shot were all gone. He applied to a cobbler living near for one, but without success. The old man observed that he could make him up a ball of wax. No sooner said than done. He returned to the side of the hill (puss still in her seat); he fired, hit her on the head, which only stunned her; she jumped up, and started down the hill. The report alarmed one at the bottom, which, starting upwards, ran against her head with such force, that, on his descending, he found them both sticking together, and was thus enabled to oblige two friends.—English Paper.

A physician was called to an Irishman, and after examining his case, recommended an emetic. "An emetic, is it you say, doctor?" said the patient; "oh, that'll never do—I took one of the same in old Ireland, but the devil a bit would it stay down at all, at all."

NATIVE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Preamble and Constitution of the Native American Association of the United States.

Whereas it is an admitted fact that all Governments are not only capable, but bound by all the principles of national preservation, to govern their affairs by the agency of their own citizens; and we believe the republican form of our Government to be an object of fear and dislike to the advocates of monarchy in Europe, and for that reason, if for none other, in order to preserve our institutions pure and unpoluted, we are imperatively called upon to administer our peculiar system free of all foreign influence and interference. By admitting the stranger indiscriminately to the exercise of those high attributes which constitute the rights of the native born American citizen, we weaken the attachment of the native, and gain naught but the sordid allegiance of the foreigner. The rights of the American, which he holds under the Constitution of the Revolution, and exercised by him as the glorious prerogative of his birth, are calculated to stimulate to action, condense to strength, and cement in sentiment and patriotic sympathy.

Basing, then, the right and duty to confederate on these high truths, we profess no other object than the promotion of our native country in all the walks of private honor, public credit, and national independence; and therefore we maintain the right, in its most extended form, of the native born American, and he only, to exercise the various duties incident to the ramifications of the laws, executive, legislative, or ministerial, from the highest to the lowest post of the Government; and to obtain this great end, we shall advocate the entire repeal of the naturalization law by Congress. Aware that the Constitution forbids, and even if it did not, we have no wish to establish, *ex post facto* laws; the action we seek with regard to the laws of naturalization, is intended to act in a prospective character. We shall advocate equal liberty to all who were born equally free; to be so born, constitutes, when connected with moral qualities, in our minds, the aristocracy of human nature. Acting under these generic principles, we further hold that, to be a permanent people, we must be a united one, bound together by sympathies, the result of a common political origin; and to be national, we must cherish the native American sentiment, to the entire and radical exclusion of foreign opinions and doctrines introduced by foreign paupers and European political adventurers. If our gallant forefathers won their liberties—the slaves of Kings shall not win them back again.

Religiously entertaining these sentiments, we as solemnly believe that the day has arrived, when the Americans should unite as brethren to sustain the strength and purity of their political institutions. We have reached that critical period foreseen and prophesied by some of the clear sighted apostles of freedom, when danger threatens every solid base on the ocean and on the shore; where every wind that blows wafts the ragged banners of our cities, bearing in their own persons and characters the elements of degradation and disorder. To prevent these evils, we are now called upon to unite our energies. To fight over this great moral revolution, the shadow of our first revolt of glory, will be the duty of the sons of those wars, and we must go into the combat determined to abide by our country; to preserve her honor free from contagion, and her character, as a separate people, high and above the engraftment of monarchical despotisms.

ARTICLES OF THE CONSTITUTION.

First. We bind ourselves to co-operate, by all lawful means, with our fellow native citizens in the United States to procure a repeal of the naturalization law.

Second. We will use all proper and reasonable exertions to exclude foreigners from enjoying the emoluments or honors of office, whether under the General or State Governments.

Third. That we will not hold him guiltless of his country's wrong who, having the power, shall place a foreigner in office while there is a competent native willing to accept.

Fourth. That we will not, in any form or manner, connect ourselves with the general or local politics of the country, nor aid, nor be the means of aiding, the cause of any politician or party whatsoever, but will exclusively advocate, stand for, and be a separate and independent party of native Americans, for the cause of the country, and upon the principles as set forth in the above preamble and these articles.

Fifth. That we will not, in any manner whatever, connect ourselves, or be connected, with any religious sect or denomination; leaving every creed to its own strength, and every man untrammelled in his own faith; adhering, for ourselves, to the sole cause of the natives, the establishment of a national character, and the perpetuity of our institutions, through the means of our own countrymen.

Sixth. That this Association shall be connected with and form a part of such other societies throughout the United States as may now or hereafter be established on the principles of our political creed.

Seventh. That this Association shall be styled the "Native American Association of the United States."

Eighth. That the officers shall consist of a President, Vice President, Council of Three, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, a Committee on Addresses to consist of three members, a Treasurer, and such others as may be required by the laws hereafter adopted, and whose duties shall be therein defined.

Ninth. That all the foregoing officers shall be elected by this meeting, to serve for one year, except the Committee on Addresses, which shall be appointed by the President.

Tenth. That the President, or, in his absence, the Vice President, or, in the absence of both, the Corresponding or Recording Secretary, is authorized to convene a meeting of this Association whenever it may be deemed necessary.

A. LEE'S Lottery and Exchange Office, 5 doors east of the National Hotel, Pennsylvania Avenue, where he keeps constantly on hand a fine selection of Tickets, in all the various Lotteries now drawing under the management of D. S. Gregory & Co.

All orders promptly attended to.

W. M. BANNERMAN respectfully informs the public, that he continues to execute Engraving in all its various branches; also Copperplate printing. Aug. 10—tf

SOFA AND CABINET WAREHOUSES.—The subscribers respectfully inform their friends, and the public generally, that they have on hand, and will manufacture to order—

CABINET FURNITURE AND SOFAS. Of all kinds, at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Persons furnishing will do well to give us a call at our Warehouses, Pennsylvania Avenue, between the Capitol gate and the Railroad depot. Our stock on hand consists of—

Sofas, Lounges, and Sofa Bedsteads
Colum and Plain Sideboards
Dressing, Column, and Plain Bureaus
Centre, Dining, Side, Pier, Card and Breakfast Tables
Mahogany, Maple, and Poplar Bedsteads
Ladies' Cabinets, Bookcases
Wardrobes, Wash-stands
Mahogany, Rocking, and Parlor Chairs; and every other article in the Cabinet line.

Furniture repaired, and old furniture taken in exchange for new. Funerals attended to, and every requisite furnished.

N. B. Individual notes taken in payment of debts, or for furniture. Aug. 10—tf

SAMUEL DE VAUGHAN, CUPPER, LEECHER, AND BLEEDER.

HAS on hand, and will constantly keep a large supply of the best Swedish Leeches. He can be found at all hours at his residence on 9th street, three doors north of Pennsylvania Avenue, nearly opposite Gunton's Drug Store. Aug. 26—y

DANIEL PIERCE respectfully informs his friends and customers, that he has removed his Umbrella Manufactory to the north side of Pennsylvania Avenue, immediately opposite his former stand, and next door to the Native American Hotel. Persons having Umbrellas to alter, or repair, are respectfully solicited to call as above.

P. S. As several Umbrellas have lost the names by removing, the owners would much oblige if they would come and designate their Umbrellas. Sept. 23—3m

FRENCH LESSONS.—Mons. Abadie has the honor to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city, and its vicinity, that he continues to give lessons in his own native language at his rooms, or private families and academies, at a moderate price. For particulars apply at this office.

Abadie's French grammar, and course of French Literature, for sale at all the book-stores.

NOTICE.—J. PERKINS, House, Sign, and Ornamental Painter, has removed from his old stand, to one door east of the Native American Hotel, Pennsylvania Avenue, where he will be pleased to attend to those who may favor him with their custom. He has employed experienced hands to do Burnish Gilt Looking-glasses, Picture Frames, &c., in fashionable, superior style and workmanship. Old frames regilt, as when new; all of which will be supplied to order, at lower prices than can be procured elsewhere.

THE AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY;

A Magazine of Poetry, Biography, and Criticism, to be published Monthly, with splendid illustrations on steel.

WHILE nearly every other country of the old world can boast its collected body of national poetry, on which the seal of a people's favorable judgment has been set, and which exhibits to foreign nations, in the most striking light, the progress of civilization and literary refinement among its inhabitants; while England, especially, proudly displays to the world a *corpus poetarum*, glory upon her name than the most splendid triumphs which her statesmen and her soldiery have achieved, our own country appears to be destitute of poetic honors. Appears, we say, for although no full collection of the *chef d'oeuvre* of our writers has been made, yet there exist, and are occasionally to be met with, productions of American poets which will bear comparison with the noblest and most polished efforts of European genius; and which claim for America as high a rank in the scale of literary elevation as is now conceded to older, and in some respects, more favored lands.

Impressed with the correctness of this judgment, we propose to issue a monthly magazine which shall contain, in a perfect, unimpaired form, the most meritorious and beautiful effusions of the poets of America, of the past and present time, with such introductory, critical, and biographic notices, as shall be necessary to a correct understanding of the works presented to the reader, and to add interest to the public mind. Those who imagine that there exists a dearth of materials for such an undertaking; who believe that the Ancon Molds have confined the richest favors to our transatlantic brethren to the exclusion of native genius, will be surprised to learn that we are already in possession of more than two hundred volumes of the productions of American bards, from about the year 1630 to the present day. Nor is it from these sources alone that materials may be drawn. There are but few writers in our country who pursue authorship as a vocation, and whose works have been generally written in a collected form. Our poets, especially, have been generally written for particular occasions, with the remembrance of which their productions have gone to rest, or their effusions have been carelessly inserted in periodicals of slight merit and limited circulation, where they were unlikely to attract notice to themselves, or draw attention to their authors. The grass of the fields, and the flowers of the wilderness, are growing over the ashes of many of the highly gifted who, through the wild and romantic regions of our republic, have scattered poetry in "rings, bright from the mint of genius," and glowing with the impress of beauty and the spirit of truth, a quantity sufficient, were it known and appreciated as it would be in other countries, to secure to them an honorable reputation throughout the world. Such were HARNEY, author of "Crystalline" and the "Fever Dream"; SANDS, author of "Yamoyden"; WILCOX, author of "The Age of Benevolence"; ROBINSON, author of "The Savage"; LITTLE, the sweet and tender poet of Christian civilization; lamented BRAINARD, and many beside, whose names are almost unknown, save by their kindred associates and friends.

With the names of those poets who, within the last few years, have extended the reputation of American literature beyond the Atlantic, Bryant, Dana, Percival, Sprague, Sigourney, Whittier, Willis, &c., the public are familiar; and we can assure them that there exists, though long forgotten and unknown, a mine of poetic wealth, rich, varied, and extensive, which will amply repay the labor of exploring it, and add undying lustre to the crown which encircles the brow of American genius. In the publication now proposed, we shall rescue from the oblivion to which they have long been consigned, and submerge in a bright and imperishable form the numberless "gems of purest ray," with which our researches into the literary antiquities of our country have endowed us; and we are confident that every lover of his native land will regard our enterprise as patriotic, and deserving the support of the citizens of the United States, as tending to elevate the character of the country in the scale of nations, and asserting its claims to the station to which the genius of its children entitles it. With this conviction we ask the patronage of the community to aid in our undertaking, conscious that we are meriting its support by exhibiting to the world a proud evidence that America, in the giant strength of her Herculean childhood, is destined ere long to cope in the arena of literature with those lands which, for centuries, have boasted their civilization and refinement, and justly exulted in the triumphs of their cherished sons in the noblest field which heaven has opened for human intellect.

The AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY will contain the complete works of a portion of the following—the most popular of our poetic writers—and of the others the best poems, and such as are least generally known:

John Quincy Adams, Washington Allston, Joseph Barber, Joel Barlow, Park Benjamin, Elizabeth Bogart, John G. B. Brainerd, James G. Brooks, William Cullen Bryant, Willis Gaylord Clark, Robert S. Coffin, Richard H. Dana, George W. Donne, Joseph Rodman Drake, Timothy Dwight, Elizabeth F. Ellet, Emma C. Embury, Edward Everett, Sumner L. Fairfield, Philip Freneau, William D. Gallagher, Hanna F. Gould, Fife Greene, Holbeck, John M. Harney, John A. Hillhouse, Charles F. Hoffman, Melan Grenville Neal, John Peabody, B. W. O., James P. Percival, John Pierpont, Edward C. Pinckney, George D. Prentice, J. O. Rockwell, Robert O. Sands, Lydia H. Sigourney, Charles Sprague, J. R. Sturges, John Trumbull, Prosper M. Wetmore, John Greenleaf Whittier, Nathaniel P. Willis.

In addition to the poems of the above named authors, selections, comprising the best productions of more than four hundred other American writers, will be given as the work progresses.

The AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY will be published on the first Saturday of every month. Each number will contain seventy-two royal octavo pages, printed in the most beautiful manner on paper of superior quality, and two or more portraits, on steel, with other illustrations.

The price of the work is five dollars per annum, payable in advance. The first number will be published in December.

Subscriptions received in New York by Wiley and Putnam, 81 Broadway, and Griswold and Campbell, 118 Fulton street. All letters to be addressed, post paid, to RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

July 29. Sec. N. Y. Lit. Antiquarian Association.

THE NEW YORK Life Insurance and Trust Company has a capital subscribed of one million of dollars, but in consequence of being the depository of the Court of Chancery, and of the Surrogate Courts of the State of New York, a large number of individuals, the business means have increased to upwards of five millions of dollars, as appears by a report of the Master in Chancery, dated 23d of May, 1855.

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